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DAVID B. HILL'S SPEECH.

THE MANHATTAN club's reception in New York on Saturday night was a notable affair in more than one respect. It included leaders of the party from all over the country; it brought forth expressions of opinion as to the future policy of the party from men who keep very close to the public in political affairs, and it heard David B. Hill outline what will probably be the plan of campaign for the approaching congressional elections.

Briefly stated, Mr. Hill would have the national Democracy make its fight on tariff, dangerous corporate combinations and imperialism as issues, with an academic declaration "in favor of the general principles of bimetallism" as a common ground on which all Democrats could stand. While the full text of Mr. Hill's speech was not sent out, its essential points will find strong support from the party at large. The most radical, irreconcilable friend of free silver must realize that a campaign chiefly on the money plank of the Kansas City platform would be lost in advance. Such a campaign would be based on the theory that no party must ever change its position or abandon old tenets of faith, no matter what the change in economic conditions, and no matter what the rank and file of the party demand. If it were possible to poll an expression of the Democratic voters of the whole country on the questions of the day, the question of silver coinage at 16 to 1 could not hope to secure the support of even a respectable minority of the party's strength as a live issue. The eastern Democracy, particularly, has determined that an issue which has been fairly tried in two national elections has no place in a campaign this year. A realization of this fact has necessarily turned the leaders to other issues, and Mr. Hill probably voices the common sentiment of the party in the east and south when he declares for tariff reform and a return to first principles in government as his creed.

Whether the west will accept the Hill platform as final remains to be seen. Here in Utah, the party sentiment has had no definite opportunity of expression that could be regarded seriously since the last state campaign. It is probable, however, that the first opportunity for such an expression will find the Utah Democracy determined to put forth a platform reiterating its belief in free coinage, but making imperialism and Republican maladministration its chief planks, reinforced by local issues of the first importance.

In the general congressional election it is probable that the dissatisfied independent vote, together with a reunited Democratic party, will be able to make serious inroads on the Republican majority in the house. And if such a result follows from the election, it will give the national Democracy an impetus that ought to lead to greater successes in the next presidential year.

FIGHTING IN THE SENATE.

NOT SINCE Senator J. C. S. Blackburn of Kentucky tweaked the august nose of Senator William E. Chandler of New Hampshire have the traditions of what has been called the "most conservative body in the world" been so rudely upset as they were by the McLaurin-Tillman episode on Saturday. Those who are acquainted with the cordial hatred with which the gentlemen from South Carolina regard each other, were not surprised at the encounter. Indeed, the only astonishing thing is that it didn't occur earlier.

When senators engage in a fist fight while a session is in progress it is calculated to occasion deep and lasting chagrin among those responsible for their presence on the floor. By the action of her representatives South Carolina must suffer disgrace. The best way for her to clear herself will be to retire both McLaurin and Tillman at the earliest possible moment. It is impossible to fix the blame specifically on either man for both are equally guilty.

It may be said, and truthfully, that McLaurin had no business making the flat assertion that Tillman was a liar; but it is equally true that Tillman had no business provoking McLaurin to such extreme measures. And Spooner, too, seems to have acted purposely as a mischief maker.

These South Carolina senators have been altogether too self-centered. They have repeatedly disturbed national business in order that they might wash their dirty linen on the floor of the senate. People generally care very little about their differences. Men are not elected to the senate in order that they may air their grievances before the world.

The nation pays them to transact the nation's business and to do nothing else. It is not likely that the senate will expel the belligerents. Other senators have fought under the calcium and escaped such punishment, and the senate, even under the great provocation afforded by this incident, would be slow to establish the precedent. It is not necessary to expel them in order to make them feel the full weight of their error.

They can be kept under the contempt resolution already passed and compelled to remain silent in their places for an indefinite period. As both senators are fond of the sound of their own voices this punishment will probably be as severe as their worst enemies could desire. It would be like tying a hungry man to a tree within two feet of a banquet. So, after all, the country may be considerable gainer as a result of this fight.

HENDERSON, THE GREAT.

THE NATION should permit itself the luxury of a prolonged period of rejoicing, in view of the good news that has just come from Washington. Speaker Henderson has withdrawn his resignation from the Metropolitan club of the capital, and is once more mingling freely with the members. Judged by Speaker Henderson's standard there are few bigger men in this world than Speaker Henderson. Other people, that is a few other people, think so, too, as the following will show.

There is a rule in the Metropolitan club which denies any member the privilege of bringing individuals to the club who are eligible to membership in it. Mr. Henderson knew about this rule, but just to show that he is bigger than any rule, he de[illegible]ly violated it. One of the members was so great a disrespecter of persons that he called the attention of the board of governors to the infraction. He quite naturally thought that if Speaker Henderson could break the rule, so could other members, and he wanted to be "showed."

As in duty bound, the governors spoke to Mr. Henderson about the matter. Then the trouble began. The speaker was indignant beyond expression. If he couldn't run the club to suit himself he wouldn't stay in the organization, so he very promptly resigned. Forthwith the governors crawled. They begged Mr. Henderson's pardon for forgetting that he was not an ordinary mortal. They implored him to reconsider his resignation and allow the light of his countenance to shine in the club.

At last, as the result of much pleading, Mr. Henderson graciously consented to overlook the error of the governors, and now he visits the club as often as ever. Of course there's no accounting for the ways of Washington, but we know lots of clubs that wouldn't last twenty minutes if the governors allowed one man to run over them as Mr. Henderson has run over the Metropolitan's board.

If any apology was due it was from Mr. Henderson, and not from the governors. Their action in begging him to return to the fold is a type of sycophancy which, while not surprising in Washington society, is none the less disgusting.

Wyoming is to be congratulated on the prompt verdict reached in the trial of Charles Woodward, the murderer of Sheriff Ricker. It will be remembered that when Woodward was brought to Casper there was much talk of mob violence, for Ricker was a brave and popular officer. Those in authority pronused that if the people refrained from lawlessness the courts would speedily deal out justice to the murderer. The promise has been kept and the incident will go a long way toward discouraging mob violence in Wyoming and elsewhere.

Magistrate Donohue of Wilkesbarre, Pa., gave a unique but effective sentence to a wife-beater the other day. He ordered the man to buy a pick handle and give it to his wife with instructions to her to give him a sound beating every time he came home drunk or otherwise offended. If more women would take the law into their own hands wife-beaters would become less numerous.

Henry Mower, who carried the United States mails in Utah continuously for fifty-four years, is dead at his home in Sanpete county. Mr. Mower's public service has never been equaled in the state and it is said of him that his services were as faithful as they were protracted.

Gunner Morgan, whose application for a commission in the navy was frowned on by Admiral Sampson because he did not belong to polite society, has sued his wife for a divorce. This should certainly wipe away all of Admiral Sampson's objections.

The ways and means committee has decided to grant Cuba a 20 per cent tariff reduction. It may be true that half a loaf is better than no bread, but where the applicant is entitled to at least two loaves the half looks decidedly "step-mothery."

It has leaked out that Frank C. Andrews, the Detroit bank wrecker, was scheduled to speak on "Prosperity" at a banquet in Pontiac, Mich., two days after his shady financial transactions became known. The date was canceled.

Many irrigators have signified their intention of coming to Salt Lake to attend the state conference on Wednesday. It is certainly to be hoped that the capacity of the Assembly hall will be tested at every session.

The salary of former Secretary of the Treasury Gage as president of the United States Trust company has been fixed at $50,000 a year. Even in New York he should be able to make ends meet on that.

The Sioux chief who killed himself because of disappointed love in Montana is at least to be commended for one thing. He didn't follow the degenerate paleface's example and kill the girl first.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Wheeler will stay away from the capitol the day Prince Henry visits congress. All of us want the prince returned to the fatherland in good order.

Grover Cleveland has declined an invitation to dine with Prince Henry. He is too busy hunting ducks to fool away any time eating with foreign potentates.

In view of the attractive tales told by Noble Warrum, jr., on his return from Mexico, a large proportion of Utah's population may run to rubber.

Now that the Salt Lake council proceedings have grown so tame it might be a good idea to inaugurate some popular excursions to Washington.

New York's weather man ought to be arrested for lese majeste.

Amusements.

The band concert last night was one of the most delightful of the series. Besides some new numbers, which were, to say the least, immensely pleasing, Mr. Held brought some old favorites out from his library and gave his houseful of patrons an excellent programme.

Miss Arvilla Clark was the vocalist of the evening. She fairly stormed the audience in her two numbers, and was forced to repeat one of them. Mr. Zimmerman gave a splendid cornet rendition of "The Conquering Hero." The band excelled in the "Lucia" fantasia. Manager Zimmerman announces that Miss Rosemary Glosz will sing two numbers next Sunday, Gounod's "Ave Maria" and an aria from "Romeo and Juliet."

The offering at the Grand tonight is the farce, "Too Rich to Marry."

The Theatre will remain dark until Wednesday night, when "Martha" is to be repeated as a testimonial to Miss Clark. The sale of seats for this event begins this morning.

The advance sale for "Arizona" begins at the Theatre tomorrow.

SAILMAKING A DYING CRAFT.

Years Ago the Sailmakers Wore Silk Hats and Carried Canes.

(New York Commercial Advertiser.)

Richard Hathaway, perhaps the oldest sailmaker along the water front, in talking over the gradual disappearance from the sea of the old-time sailing vessels, as their place is taken by steamboats, gives an alarming prophecy in regard to his one-time famous trade.

In his opinion twenty-five years hence the art of sailmaking will be unknown, since no more boys are apprenticed to the trade nowadays and the old hands at the work are disappearing at a rapid rate.

"Fifty years ago," says this old man, as he sits alone in his low-studded loft, with its whitewashed brick walls, at the top of a building on South street, "when the swift packets of the Black Ball line were sailing across the Western ocean, it was hard work for a vessel to get a berth at any of these docks."

"Sailmakers," says this disciple of the palm and needle, "were men of a very different position in the old days. Each morning they came to the sail lofts with their high hats, canes and kid gloves. None of them ever asked for a job.

"Instead, they were at once recognized by the boss and begged to go to work. Often when there was a crowd of packets in port there were not enough men to satisfy all the master sailmakers. Then the custom of those who fell short was to wait at the foot of their rivals' stairs towards sundown. As the journeymen came down from their day's work they were asked to come to another loft to work till 9 o'clock."

The pay then was $2 for ten hours' work. Today it has risen to $3 for nine hours' work, but the demand for work has become so slack that it is doubtful if any sailmaker along the front averages more than $1.50 a day throughout the entire year. The question of the masters of vessels never used to be "How much will you charge for the work?" but rather "How quickly can you get it done?"

In 1850 there were upwards of fifty lofts in New York, all of them overcrowded with work. Today there are scarcely fifteen, and those lucky if they are busy half the time. While there used to be from 250 to 300 journeymen sailmakers, now there are only the few old-timers that are left, and no more boys serving their time.

Like caulking, rigging, and sparmaking, the old trade will be forgotten before many years have passed.

Circus tents, too, another thing that gave the sailmakers work, as ships grew less, are now going out of use. The principal work left is the making of awnings, and most of those at present can be made by machinery, or sewed by women.

Even the oyster boats in these times are propelled by motors, as well as many of the yachts which were originally equipped with masts.

As for the sails of any yacht running up to fifty feet in length, they can readily be turned out by a machine.

This old sailmaker has now reached the age of 72, although he is still as active and hearty as the average man of 50. At the age of 16 he began his apprenticeship, and kept at that for four years. The first year his pay was $2 a week, after that $2.25, then $2.50, finally $3. His working time during that period was eleven hours a day.

In 1854 he began in charge of a loft of his own. Starting at 6 in the morning from his house, situated in the open country at a spot where the court house now stands in Brooklyn, he rarely reached his loft before half past twelve.

So much cutting and slashing was going on in the loft that the shop rent never had to be considered. The rags swept from the floor each night and sold for 4 1-2 cents a pound more than covered that item.

The old man, when he becomes reminiscent, tells of it being a common sight in those days to see twenty or thirty schooners of 100 odd tons sailing down the East river together at the turn of the tide.

In speaking of the large schooners of late years, the old sailmaker says that he expects them to prove failures. As for the naming of their masts he understands them to be fore, main mizzen, crossjack, spencer, driver and pusher, but thinks it would be quite as well if they were called after the days of the week.

He figures that where twenty men are used now on vessels of 6,000 tons 500 men would have been required for the same amount of tonnage in his early days.

There he sits smoking in his old loft, one of the connecting links with the ships and the sailors of the days before the civil war. His own summary of the case is this:

"I'm glad I'm old, else I should certainly have to start an apple stand. Before a great many years have passed the only sailmaker in existence will be a curiosity in a dime museum—but I won't be the one."

Whipped a Railroad.

(Chicago Journal.)

Coming east to Boston some time ago Senator Warren of Wyoming traveled on a certain railroad and lost his trunk. It contained many valuable costumes belonging to his wife, and his own outfit, so that its loss was no small matter. He struggled for sime time to find a trace of the trunk, but without success, nor could he secure any reimbursement. His method of getting even was unique.

Upon returning to Cheyenne he placed a watchman in the railroad yards with instructions to report the arrival of the first freight car bearing the name of the railroad upon which he had traveled. In a day or two the watchman gave the necessary information. Senator Warren at once went before a local magistrate and sued out an attachment upon the freight car. Then he wired to the railroad officers stating what he had done, and awaited results.

In less than three hours came a dispatch stating that check for the value of the missing trunks had been forwarded to him, and asking him to let the freight car proceed upon its way. Then the suit was withdrawn.

JACOB GARLAND'S GHOST.

(Philip Little in Kansas City Star.)

"What do I know about ghosts?" Well, not much, perhaps, but I'll tell you of an experience of a friend of mine, and you can explain it as you like," and the speaker, a tall, thin, cadaverous looking man, unwound himself from his chair, walked to the fire, took up a live coal in the tongs, lit his pipe, reseated himself, crossed one leg over the other, and having taken a sip of hot whisky, prepared to commence his tale.

He was one of six or seven seated in front of a great open fire in the kitchen of a small roadhouse, hardly to be dignified with the name inn, in western Missouri. The month was November; it was a dreary, wet, blowy night, and the rain beat against the side of the house heavily.

Now and then a shutter, loosed from its fastening, banged fitfully, almost complainingly, against a window. None of the party moved to make it fast, however, as the warmth of the large fire had charms of a more potent nature.

"As I said," continued the long man, "you can explain it as you choose; I can only tell the story. Landlord"—

"The story, the story," chorused his audience as they drew their chairs in a half circle closer to the fire and the story-teller.

"A friend of mine," began the long man, quietly, "about a year and a half ago moved himself and family to a small mining town, where he was to take charge as engineer and superintendent of one of the lead mines of the group close by.

"After he had been there a short time there was a call for more hands, so he purchased a large, unoccupied house in a somewhat isolated position, the owner of which had died under suspicious circumstances some years before, and the house had been occupied by family after family in rapid rotation. They said the house was haunted, for a long time it remained unoccupied, and the owner was willing to part with it for a song.

"It had belonged to an old man, Jacob Garland by name, who lived there with his wife and one old colored woman named 'Luenshy.' Luenshy's real name was found to be Lucretia Maria Pendleton. The old couple lived a most retired life, and Jacob Garland was understood to have accumulated quite a property.

"The house was a somewhat pretentious one, set back from the road and surrounded by a good deal of land. Besides the house there was a small barn, which, however, was empty. Directly back of the house, perhaps an eighth of a mile, was a graveyard.

"The old man was miserly, but no one knew what he did with his money, as there was no bank nearby, and he seldom left home, and then only for a short time.

"He appeared to have no relations, at least none who visited him.

"One day a stranger appeared in town and inquired for Garland's house. He rode a good looking horse and led another, upon which was strapped his pack. It was evident that he had traveled from a distance. He was tall and well made, with black hair and beard and dark eyes.

"Upon the house being pointed out, he rode up to the door; it was opened by Luenshy, whose black face took on a look of surprise when the stranger spoke. She ushered him in, however, and the door closed on them. After some delay it was again opened and Garland and the stranger appeared and proceeded to the barn. The horses were stalled, and Garland and his guest walked back toward the house.

"Once they stopped and the old man, with bent brows, seemed to be saying something unpleasant, but a reply from the other seemed to stop him suddenly, and they moved on. The door closed on them, and that was the last that was seen of Jacob Garland.

"The next morning Bronxville received a shock, and a severe one. At about 7 in the morning the door of Jacob Garland's house was suddenly thrown open and Luenshy, her eyes protruding, hurried to the sheriff's house. She found that official engaged in the simple, but useful occupation of chopping wood in the back yard, but her news brought his work to a sudden end, and hastily donning his coat, to emphasize his official status, as it was not a garment he usually wore, he accompanied Luenshy on her return to the Garland home. From her excited words he gathered the following facts:

"The stranger who had arrived the day before was a distant relative of Jacob Garland's, she understood, but belonged to a branch of the family with which he had quarreled. He had supped with Garland and his wife, and then the two men had repaired to a room occupied by the old man as a den, where he shut himself up at times, and was not disturbed except for meals.

"That evening the door closed on the two and the smell of tobacco made itself apparent. Garland did not smoke, so it was evident that the relative was making himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

"Mrs. Garland and Luenshy retired at their usual hour, and at that time voices were still to be heard in the room, and apparently in amicable conversation. The next morning Luenshy was aroused by her mistress, who said that the old man had not slept in his bed. Together the two women went downstairs, and, finding the room closed, knocked timidly at first, then loudly, but without response. Summoning up courage, they opened the door, and there, in the dim light, sat Jacob Garland dead, stone dead, with one hand on the table, the other hanging by his side.

"No marks of violence were on the body, but on the table were two tumblers, which smelled of whisky, the only difference being that the one next to Garland had, with its smell of spirit, another odor of some foreign substance.

"This was the first case of real mystery which had occurred since Sheriff McGowan's inauguration into office, so he proceeded with as much state and dignity as he could summon upon such short notice. As few people lived in that part of the town, no one had noticed the hurried departure of the colored woman, nor did they meet anyone upon their return.

"Closing the door after him and turning the key solemnly—a quite unnecessary precaution, as no one would have thought of entering the house—he asked to be shown into the room where the body was. The hall into which the front door led ran the entire length of the house, and contained the stairs, a hat rack, on which hung a dilapidated coat and hat, Garland's outdoor apparel, two plain chairs, a long sofa and a small mirror.

"On either side of the hall doors led to four rooms, and it was to the first on the left that Luenshy ushered McGowan. There sat Jacob Garland, eyes staring, jaw dropped, one hand on the table, the other by his side. A small hide-covered trunk was on the table, of the kind used in the Eighteenth century, slightly studded with brass nails, the lid open, the contents gone. On a slip of paper in front of the trunk, pinned to the table with a small, beautifully made and highly engraved dagger, were the following words in a clear, bold hand:

"'The contents of this trunk will be returned to the person from whom they were taken by force and to whom they rightfully belong. The instrument used at the time is returned. As no one except Jacob Garland and the persons concerned know to whom the contents belong, there will be no use in attempting to trace or discover the whereabouts of that owner, or of the avenger of the wrong.'

"Beyond this there was no trace of any description which would lead to even following the perpetrator. Not a mark was on the floor of the house, stable or ground. The latter was hard and the horses' feet had evidently been covered. He had gone more mysteriously than he had come. His name had not been mentioned by Garland; he had simply referred to him as 'Henry,' and Mrs. Garland had inferred from something that had been dropped in conversation that he belonged to the branch of the family with which Jacob Garland had quarreled.

"Jacob Garland was buried in the old graveyard back of the house. The matter drifted and passed out of men's minds. Mrs. Garland, taking Luenshy with her, moved away, and the house was closed and remained unoccupied for some five years.

"Suddenly Mrs. Garland returned to Bronxville, and with her came Luenshy, apparently no older. Matters went along in their ordinary course, except that the neighbors occasionally dropped in on Mrs. Garland, and soon strange stories got about, as stories will.

"The house was haunted. Old Jacob Garland, at night, when all was still and dark, would be from his grave. His steps would be heard tapping along the board walk which led to the front door. Mrs. Garland showed no fear, but simply said: 'Luenshy, let your master in.'

"Luenshy, with all the superstition of her race, would go to the door and open it, her head averted, for her teaching was that one must not look on the face of a departed spirit.

"At another time his steps would be heard descending the stairs. 'Luenshy, let your master out,' would be uttered in the calm tones of Mrs. Garland, and the negress, as before, with head turned away, opened and closed the door on the departing spirit of her dead master.

"After a time Mrs. Garland died. Luenshy disappeared, and the house was once more closed, only this time it bore a sign, 'For sale or to let.' Family after family tried it and gave it up. Finally my friend, as I have said, bought it and prepared to rent it.

"One, two, three families moved in and moved out. The last one only waited one night, but that was the night of Jacob Garland's spiritual visitation, and it apparently sufficed.

"My friend was in despair. He did not know which way to turn, and when a young blacksmith of powerful frame and steady nerves offered to stop in the house and try to lay the ghost by fair means or foul, his offer was accepted with delight and gratitude.

"The blacksmith, taking with him a lantern, unlighted, matches and an ax and shotgun, shut himself into the house, took his post in a small room on the second floor that commanded both flights of stairs, the one to the third floor and attic and the flight leading down to the hall. Here he waited patiently as the hours stole by without a sound.

"Suddenly he is aroused by a gentle step coming from the short attic flight to the third floor. It is the tap of a slippered heel, as had been described by the many occupants. It turns and starts down the second flight toward his hiding place. Slowly but steadily it descends, and a cold, creepy sensation, felt for the first time, takes possession of our waiting blacksmith.

"Down, down, down, come the steps. Will it enter his room? He cannot move hand or foot, and the steps are getting nearer and nearer, more and more distinct, down and yet down, but he cannot stir. The steps pass and commence on the lower stairs. Now or never, he pulls himself together by a supreme effort and succeeds in scratching a match.

"It is a small thing, but it brings relief, and he lights his lantern, seizes his gun, opens the door and flashes the light out onto the staircase. For a moment he sees nothing, but the steps continue going down. He throws the light onto the stairs, and there, half way down, his astonished eyes light on—what do you think, gentlemen? Nothing more or less than an enormous rattlesnake slowly making its way toward the open door.

"Such was Jacob Garland's ghost, and as such you may be sure it was quickly laid. The pest was found next morning in the attic and several young ones followed their parent to another world. It had lived with its families for years up under the eaves, descending only at night, it was said, for water.

"Now, landlord, fill up the glasses again, and let us all drink to Jacob Garland's ghost, and then to bed for the hour is late. 'To departed spirits.' Good night, one and all, good night."

At breakfast the storm had disappeared and all nature smiled under the warm autumn sun. Many were the jokes and comments on Jacob Garland's ghost, but Jacob Garland's death remains, and probably will remain forever unexplained.

PLANNING A GIANT COLONY.

Mr. Harriman Offers the East a Partial Solution of Labor Question.

Edward H. Harriman is planning the largest colonization plan ever attempted.

Mr. Harriman's plan is to provide occupants for millions of acres of fertile and unoccupied lands in southern California, Texas and western Louisiana as a partial solution of the labor question.

The general plan will be to send into the middle and eastern states, and possibly into some of the northwest states, fully 1,000 colonization agents, whose duty it shall be to induce immigration to the territories mentioned.

"In the southwest," said Mr. Morse, assistant traffic manager of the Texas lines of the Southern Pacific, speaking for Mr. Harriman, "we have over 3,000,000 acres of fertile land which would make good homes for industrious people. We believe that no section of the United States has a more brilliant future than Texas and western Louisiana and we are convinced that all that is necessary is to let the public know what we have got."

It is announced that within a short time every one of the 1,000 or more agents will be at work throughout the states east of the Mississippi river.

From time to time homeseekers' excursions will be run to the territories mentioned and special inducements will be offered to get the public to visit the southwest and southern California.

An Expert in the Business.

(Detroit Free Press.)

Mrs. Dash—Is the new grocer at the corner obliging in his manner?

Mr. Dash—Oh, yes; he looks and acts like a man who would tell you anything on earth he thought you wanted to hear